Not Quite Right

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Not Quite Right

by TigerPrawn

Summary

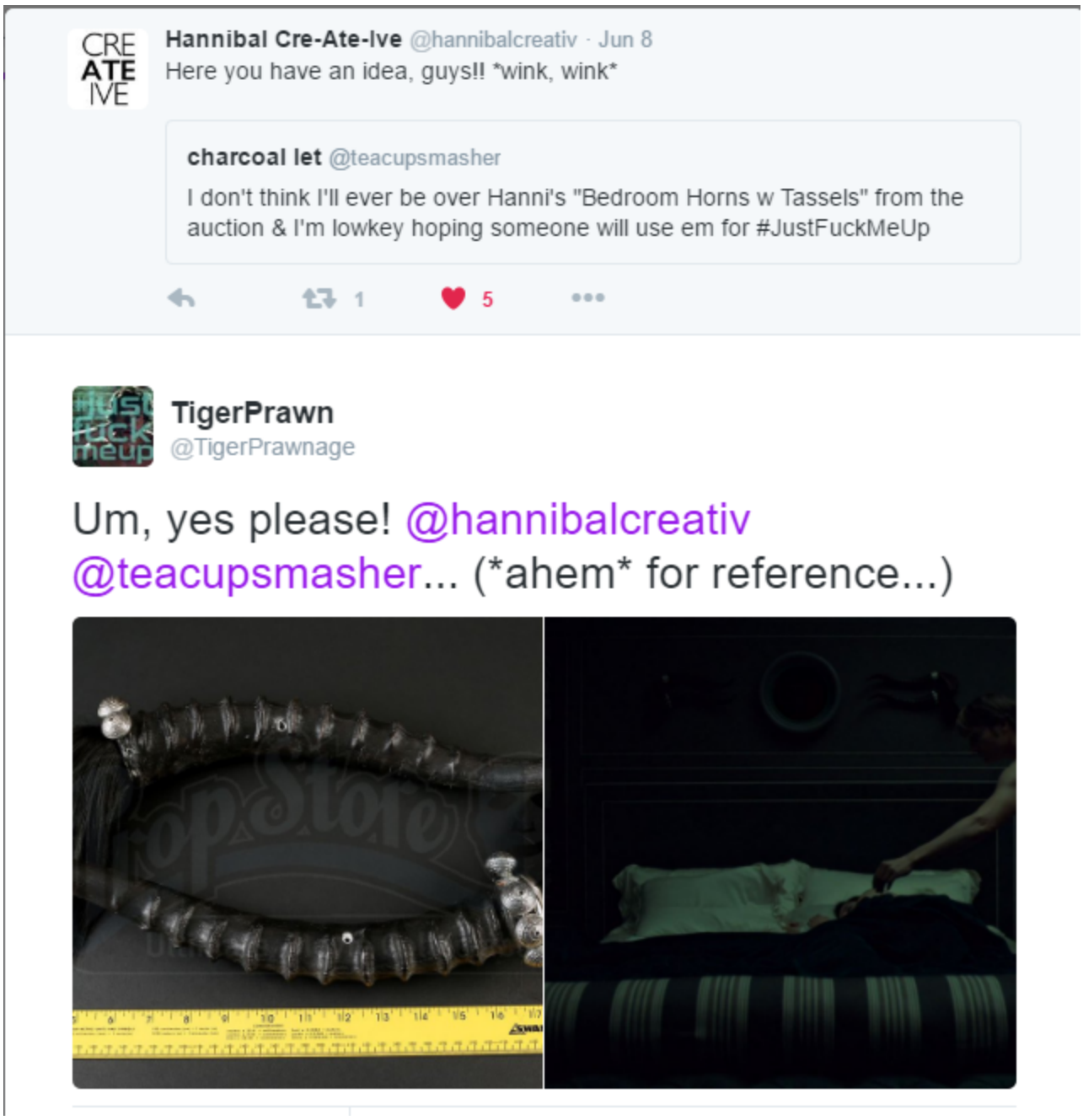
Set in/around S2 Ep6 Futamono
Hannibal begins his relationship with Alana, but masturbates to thoughts of Will...

“You’re so beautiful like this…” Will was muttering in his ear. “I can’t wait until I am here with you and I can fuck you myself.”

Hannibal groaned at the words and relaxed into the rhythm that Will was setting, fucking the dildo in and out of him. It’s ridges stimulating him almost painfully, the curved head brushing the bundle of nerves that promised such pleasure. If Will wasn’t to fuck him, then he wanted his mouth on his cock - another dream. This had to be enough. For now, this had to be enough.

Notes

It started with @teacupsmasher / Murdergatsby’s below tweet


Hannibal Cre-Ate-Ive @hannibalcreativ · Jun 8
Here you have an idea, guys!! *wink, wink*
charcoal let @teacupsmasher
I don't think I'll ever be over Hanni's "Bedroom Horns w Tassels" from the auction & I'm lowkey hoping someone will use em for #JustFuckMeUp
1
5
TigerPrawn
@TigerPrawnage
Um, yes please! @hannibalcreativ @teacupsmasher... (*ahem* for reference...)

Which kept coming back to me until I had no choice but the write something, so I had to think how I could do this… so the kink/trope/otp I've never done before is (god help me!) OTP: Hannibloom (*gag*) or at least as close as I'm going to get to writing it. And also the kink (I guess?) of object insertion. This is quite different from the stuff I normally write, and pushed my comfort zones a bit (not least - Hannibloom - blergh), so please be gentle if it is utter shite!

I wrote this whilst listening to the Goldberg Variations and some Sia… I have nothing.

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn't that he disliked Alana, in fact, Hannibal was incredibly fond of her. It was just that she wasn't Will. But that wasn't important. What was important was normalcy. The facade of normalcy that he had crafted. And with Will still protesting Hannibal to be the Ripper the normalcy was necessary, as was the need for an alibi here and there. Regardless of Jack Crawford's own thoughts, he would have to investigate anything suspicious that backed up Will's assertions. To that end, he hadn't stopped Alana when she had kissed him. He had kissed her back. In truth, he had done little to discourage Alana's affections that he had recently felt growing towards him - ironically both united by Will's incarceration and presumed descent into sociopathy.

He had enjoyed sexual intercourse with her. Was it as he had imagined it might be? Because of course, when knowing an attractive young woman so long it was natural to imagine it once at the least. Yes, it had been as imagined. Pleasant, stimulating. Lacking in the sort of passion he wasn't often able to feel. The sort he was sure he would feel with Will Graham. That connection - if he wanted, if they both freed themselves to do so. Will would be able to see him, really see him - and therein lay the difference. What passion could come from that Hannibal could only imagine. And hope that one day his imagination was put to the test of reality with Will.

With Alana, it was a diversion. He would do this then, be with her. It had been a while since he had physically been with someone so he had known he would no doubt enjoy the release and perhaps even the intimacy. But equally he knew it would, and it did, exacerbate the hunger he felt for Will. Sex with Alana would take him so far, would give him a release, but there would never be that connection he needed to fully let go and lose himself. To *be* himself, to be seen.

With Alana it was not quite right, and never would be - through no fault of hers.

Of course, the timing was perfect. More perfect than he could have imagined. Not only had he been able to make use of the time to sneak out and abduct Gideon, but Alana was then

perfectly placed when Jack had arrived. He hadn't been sure that Jack or his colleagues, would have come to him - but with Will's protestations they had to at least investigate. Having Alana there had removed him completely from suspicion of being the Chesapeake Ripper. So very nicely done.

After Jack left they returned to the bedroom. Alana had seemed a little awkward at first, though it was something he could understand even if he didn't feel awkward himself. It wasn't in his nature to be modest about the workings of the human body. It was also why he could understand that she of course dressed before coming downstairs, though was a little perturbed that she had chosen to dress in his shirt. Clothes maketh the man - they were his shield, his armour, his disguise.

Alana covered her awkwardness by draping against him and he could only hope that the shirt wasn't the worse for wear from it.

"Alana… would you…" He made a small gesture to his shirt and she smiled, coyly. He brought up his hands and started to unbutton her, only realising as her breathing increased and pulse raced that she was interpreting this as a further sexual advance. As the shirt fell from her shoulders he shook it out and rested it over the back of the armchair. He turned back to Alana, now completely naked divested of the shirt, and she snaked an arm up around his neck and pulled him into a kiss. Again, it wasn't unpleasant. For many it would be quite satisfying, but for Hannibal it did very little.

Even so, this pretense had begun and he required that it be maintained, especially now Jack had seen them together. She couldn't appear to be only the convenient alibi that she was. Alana had let him take the lead the night before, but now she felt no such reservation and gently moved him back towards the bed as she helped pull off his red sweater. Then he was down and sitting against the headboard, and she was straddling him. She ground her hips down to his and arched her back, her mouth falling delicately open. Hannibal took the cue to brush his lips against her throat. This elicited a low moan and she arched further. He dragged his lips over her smooth skin, down her throat and between her breasts, where he laced small kisses. Alana's breath hitched as he did so, and Hannibal smiled. He was half hard, it was impossible not to be with the stimulation. And then his thoughts turned to Will - skin tougher - he'd imagined - though almost hairless. Tougher all over, harder to break, easier to handle without fear. No need to always be gentle - and yet he knew, with Will, he always would be.

He pictured Will as he saw him - righteous, victorious. Wondered what Will would look like after a hunt - panting and bloody. Gleaming and whole and deadly.

Hannibal came back to the now. Alana was kissing him, deeply. On autopilot, it would seem, he had released his cock from the pajamas he still wore and she was firmly seated on him, and flush against him. He ran his hands over her body as she writhed against him, rode his cock until their mutual completion - hers from cliterol stimulation. His from thoughts of Will covered in blood.

They sat a few minutes in this way. She had leaned into him, and instinctively he brought his hands up around her as he soften within her. She seemed pleased with the whole experience, which bode well for future of this arrangement.

When Alana finally moved, she excused herself to the bathroom and he had drifted into a half-slumber by the time she came back. He vaguely registered her weight on the bed again and then she was back against him, snuggled into his frame.

“What are those?” She asked curiously, and he opened his eyes, following her line of sight to the tasseled horns adorning the wall above the bed. Before he had chance to answer she let out a light giggle and then a soft sigh as she exhaled the words - “I bet they’d tickle…”

Hannibal pulled on a smile. A charming smile. One that suggested she might sometime find out. He pulled it on to cover the tedium of it all, and all the while wishing she would take her leave. Despite this he said -

“Perhaps we shall explore how ticklish you are another time…” He drawled the words. Charming to the last.

She smiled and kissed him lightly. “Not today though. The day is getting on, I need to go home.” She began to collect her things. Dressed again in her outfit from the night before. He noticed her blush as she did so.

“Ah, the walk of shame…” She demurred.

“Only as far as your car, Alana.” He teased and she responded with a warm smile.

He showed her to her car and they kissed again there. That seemed the thing to do. And yet when he returned to the bedroom he felt even more hollow than the day before.

The hollowness had been there for sometime. A good few years, perhaps all the years. But it was only on meeting Will Graham that Hannibal truly noticed it. A chasm gaped within him, all the more so without Will’s company. And now, having bedded Alana, he found the chasm wide, emptier. He craved Will’s time. Just that, if that was all he would be afforded for now. He pushed down the urge to visit him. Again. So often he’d had to do this since Will’s incarceration at his own manipulations. Every day he lived with the consequences of his actions, waiting for an opportunity to present itself so that he might come to Will’s assistance and have him freed. Some evidence, some proof - real or orchestrated - that would have Will free without suspicion turning upon himself.

Hannibal removed his clothes and started into his shower, noticing as he passed the bed, the horns on the wall that Alana had been interested in. Perhaps he might entertain her with them sometime. He suppressed a chuckle as he thought of something she might be less amused by -

Sometime ago Hannibal had happened upon a rather interesting dildo in a high end store he occasionally visited. He had actually bought it because it reminded him so wholly of the tasselled horns. It was of a similar length and curved like the horn, but of a bigger girth. The ridges were similar, though it had the blunted end of a cockhead rather than the sharpened tip of a horn. As he remembered it, how it had felt when he used it, his cock began to fill quickly at the thought. Disregarding the reaction of his body, Hannibal went to the shower.

As he soaped himself his thoughts wandered. And not for the first time in the last year, his soaped hand found his hard cock as he thought of Will Graham.

Will's hand was on his cock as the water ran over them and steam obscured them. His lips were on Hannibal's neck as he circled around - came to a halt behind Hannibal with his hand still working his dick. Will's own erection now pressing hard against Hannibal's crack - drawing out of him a long and low moan.

The hand worked faster, a bracing arm around him and hand splayed across his chest.

As Hannibal was verging on orgasm, so tantalisingly close - Will's voice, deep and thick with lust, spoke into his ear - "I want to see you writhe Hannibal, I want to see you fuck yourself on that horny dildo for me…"

Hannibal's breath caught and he stilled. It was only years of self-control and discipline that stopped him from cumming. The prospect of something much more delightful now in mind. He stroked slowly, once, twice. And then he got out of the shower, wrapped a towel around his hips - amused by how obscenely it tented.

He returned to the bedroom and immediately recovered a velvet covered box from a chest of drawers, taking it to the bed and opening it. Inside was an array of toys he had used from time to time. A variety of lube, some flavoured, one that gave a tingling sensation. He chose a plain one and pulled out of a silk bag, the horn-like dildo.

His skin prickled with anticipatory sweat as he sat on the bed, letting the towel fall away, and began to coat the dildo in copious amounts of lube. Once satisfied with that he placed it next to him and lay down. Opening his legs he drizzled lube down his crack and then over his fingers. He closed his eyes.

Will pushed a finger inside him and Hannibal's breath hitched. It had not been so long since he had done this that it was painful, but the tightness burned slightly. Hannibal wanted more, immediately more, but Will was slow and considerate. He laced kisses along Hannibal's throat and jaw as he worked the finger in. He took his time, only pushing in a second finger when Hannibal was ready. And then a third. Scissoring them until Hannibal was completely open to him.

And then Will took hold of the dildo and smiled. "Not quite as I had hoped after all…"

Hannibal tried to understand the words but they became violently blocked from his brain as Will began inserting the dildo. Hannibal's cock jumped in reaction, trailing a string of precum to his stomach. He tried to keep his breath even as Will pushed the dildo in, pulled it back and then in a little further each time. Hannibal's breath stopped completely when the curved dildo brushed his prostate and sent a shock of pleasure through him.

"You're so beautiful like this…" Will was muttering in his ear. "I can't wait until I am here with you and I can fuck you myself."

Hannibal groaned at the words and relaxed into the rhythm that Will was setting, fucking the dildo in and out of him. It's ridges stimulating him almost painfully, the curved head brushing

the bundle of nerves that promised such pleasure. If Will wasn't to fuck him, then he wanted his mouth on his cock - another dream. This had to be enough. For now, this had to be enough.

Hannibal was drenched in his own sweat, the dildo now as deep as it could go on each thrust. His cock bobbed and leaked, so swollen that he was sure he would cum untouched. And then Will stilled.

"This… this isn't quite as I imagined… It isn't what you imagined either is it?"

He was right. It wasn't quite what he imagined. As many times as he had used this dildo, it just served to pique his curiosity rather than stifle it.

"No…" His voice was husky, almost alien to him. "It isn't what I wanted…" The truth was that he wanted Will. Wanted Will to fuck him. But until that was possible he had to admit another curiosity - the reason he had bought the dildo that so reminded him of those tasseled horns.

With no further words between them, Will pulled out the dildo and set it aside on the bed, allowing Hannibal to move up - reach up and take down one of the ornaments. His breath was shaky as he considered what he was doing. How long he had been curious about this and never indulged. Even when he bought them he had been pleased with their vaguely phallic shape - amused by the thought of inserting it into himself. But of course such a thing would be unsanitary at the least.

But now, consumed with the fire of passion, a fire that burned through his mind and quashed any such thoughts. Easily too, when he looked at Will, the hunger in his eyes. He handed Will the horn, who studied it reverently before picking up the bottle and drizzling lube onto the horn.

As Will moved between his legs, Hannibal felt trepidation. Not something he felt often, but considered it a natural reaction to the prospect of having such an item inserted into him rectally. The pointed end alone could cause the sort of damage that, as a doctor, he should know better than to chance. And yet... Will looked at him with a mixture of awe and adoration as he placed a steadying hand on Hannibal's pelvis - holding him down as he slid the horn into him.

The thicker dildo had stretched him wide enough to take it smoothly. Even so, Will took care not to let it slide too far, in fact he only pushed it in so far and then stopped. Hannibal clenched around it and enjoyed the feel of ridges. And then Will's hand was on Hannibal's cock and fisting it at a furious pace. He was already so close that he knew he would be over the edge and cumming within moments. Will turned the horn very slowly and gently. It was the brush against his prostate that had Hannibal cumming - shooting thick ropes over his stomach and up to his chest. All the while he tried to hold himself as still as possible so as to lessen the danger of having the horn inside him. Will continued to stroke him slowly through his orgasm. When Hannibal was entirely spent Will kissed the inside of his thigh and took hold of the horn once more, to remove it.

“Huh.” An amused sound. “Looks like you have a tail.” He chuckled looking at the tasseled end of the horn.

“Yes, I imagined that was how it might look.” Hannibal smiled as he gently pulled the horn from within him, mind wandering to the tail ended butt plug that also resided in the velvet box. Perhaps he would enjoy the delight of that after dinner.

End Notes

NB: Hugh Dancy unknowingly wrote a line of my fic! Grabbed his description of post season 3 Will from an recent interview - where he described him as “Gleaming and whole and deadly” - link in the text above.

PSA: Ok, so I feel like this goes without saying… but. Please don’t fuck yourself with random ornaments or objects from around the house! If you’re going to at least be safe, choose an appropriate item and put a condom on it!!! Don’t be like Hanni kids! Hanni is a fucking mess! He has an imaginary Will fucking him with a decorative horn.

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